

# THE SPIRITUAL TIMES

A WEEKLY ORGAN FOR THE PROMOTION OF SPIRITUAL AND  
PROGRESSIVE TOPICS,

A REGISTER OF PASSING SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA, AND A MISCELLANY  
OF SPIRITUAL LITERATURE.

Spiritualism unfolds to our internal senses substantial realities; it presents us not only with the semblances, but with the positive evidences of eternal existence, causing us to feel that the passing shadows we speak of belong not to the Spiritual, but to the Material world. It is easy to imagine that we are dealing with the absolute and enduring, because we associate our thoughts with the external and apparently lasting, but, on reflection, we discover that the only absolute and enduring facts are beyond the tomb.

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"The life that now is shapes the life that is to be."

"Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

## The Spiritual Times.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1864.

### FAITH AND REASON.

NO. II.

We have learnt to view facts in their phenomenal aspects only, and taking our point of observation from the ground of positiveness, have readily seized upon the skirts of appearances, and, failing to comprehend the internal life of things, have reasoned from data limited as are our experiences. Thus time is measured out in seconds, and we rest satisfied with our dials. We are educated to regard facts as realities; but we do not see that those things which have only brief uses, and pass away with the seconds, relate themselves to the eternal, and that our highest inspirational conceptions, which have a spiritual connection with the enduring, have also a use and power in the present. We reason from circumscribed observations, and the ideals of our mental world are the reflexes of the material world. Our religion, literature, and art are raised on material pyramids. We borrow our conceptions from material existences. The spiritual is with us, but we have a materialistic film upon our visual organs, and we cannot see it. We only reason to our eternal profit when we become spiritually-minded. But matter gravitates our souls, as we render the abiding subservient to the ephemeral, and ever cling to the shadow instead of the substance. Thus the rounded period of four-score years, which, in reality, are only so many leaves in the book of existence, appears to mankind so absolute that they grow frantic to possess material treasures, and to hold a "little brief authority." And this absolute materiality which surrounds us supplies us with all we eat and drink, together with much we think of. Poetry is never so beautiful and sterling as when the material is kept in abeyance, and the spiritual holds a fairy's mystic authority over the idea. But the more spiritual the poetry the less it inspires the purely materialistic mind, because spiritual-mindedness must exist in man before he can thoroughly realise the beauty of

spiritual imagery. Our poets sink into refined materialists, and our preachers fail to convey the beautiful ideas of spiritual life in spiritual language. They materialise the ideas, and therefore degrade them; and this must continue to be the case so long as we retain false ideas of Time and Eternity. From the pulpit we hear much about spiritual and everlasting things; but the all-absorbing influence of present material facts makes the preacher serve up his delicacies of Faith in elaborate, but still material dishes. Our palate sharpens at sight of the dishes, and we eat; but alas! the contact with coarse matter almost spoils the delicacies. We cannot separate the preacher from his surplice, pulpit, or creed. He is heavily fettered by formularies, and preach he never so holily, his material surroundings influence his hearers more than his sermons. It is well for us if we look at this fact, and allow Reason to walk hand-in-hand with Faith. It is true, material facts are with us; but they are only images seen in the glass of eternity. Time, to which we, with our petty dials, have given duration, belongs to Eternity. Our actions set us on the way to pain or pleasure. Reason, carried beyond the more ordinary idea of Time, teaches this; and Faith, seeing far away into the many mansions of Heaven, and into the abodes of Hades, justifies the teaching. Eternity is with us, and consequences commence the moment we act. We are selfish—every selfish act reacts upon our characters, and intensifies our selfish instincts. We are self-sacrificing for the good of others; the consequences are inevitable. The soul lives, as it were, in a heaven of its own. Blessings fall upon it from the grateful spirits of those for whom we sacrifice, and angelic spirits, perceiving our Christ-like, loving acts, by the law of magnetic affinity, approach, bearing spiritual rewards. Thus the great Judgment Day is to-day and for ever. Wrong begins; the penalty is awarded, and the soul suffers. But Reason, aided by Faith, perceives that the wrong done does not merit unending vindictive punishment, and likewise discovers in man a compensating principle of redemption, which acts on self-effort for improvement. The redemption may not be full here; but we have a certain assurance that it will be hereafter. It is not in the nature of the wrongdoer to rejoice perpetually in doing wrong, neither is it in the nature of our Heavenly Father to find pleasure in punishing the wrong doer for ever. No; He puts the spirit on trial, and proportions the penalty according to the offence. In this we have evidence, not only of Almighty Wisdom and Eternal Justice, but likewise Infinite Mercy. On the other hand, the soul being capacitated for infinite enjoy-



ments, its appetite increases with the inexhaustible blessings of heaven which are with it here, and in an infinitely more spiritual sense hereafter. The Eternal Architect has erected His spiritual palaces for the pure, and He will, in His own good time, purify His children through baths of suffering and contrition. We cannot conceive it possible for God to be unmerciful; therefore we reason ourselves to the abiding and satisfying faith.

The wicked will cease to endure,  
By suffering and sorrow made pure;  
Though ages of death be in store,  
Yet God the soul's life will restore.

The moral instincts, the unfettered Reason, the religion of love, all give the soul Faith in God's Divine Justice and Eternal Fatherhood. Priests and prophets have arisen, preaching and prophesying Condemnation; but they have libelled their Maker, and set mankind floundering in a sea of despair. Man! petty man! presumes to limit the mercy of his Maker; but few heed his voice. He then puts on the surplice, and adopts the paraphernalia of a sect; then the people fear and tremble, and believe his surpliced lies. Science, written in characters of eternal light, never opposes an eternal truth. Religion, separated from the draperies of sect, never dethrones a scientific fact. Neither does Reason annihilate Faith. Its work is in another direction: serving Faith by crushing out of the heart superstition, which grows like a weed in the garden of religion. It is true, Faith leads where Reason fails to aspire; yet Reason has no war against Faith only when it presumes to make reasonable service reprehensible.

Man progresses with the ages, if not in wisdom, in knowledge. He gives wings to Reason, and science descends with it beneath the crust of the earth, and there, in geological strata, facts are written by the Eternal. It is the province of Reason to compare these facts with what is written on paper; and if the deep, unobliterable facts of geology agree not with the printed hieroglyphs, he cannot help concluding that the earth, being older than printer's type, speaks the truth, and is the best authority. Man's Reason rests not beneath the earth, but, on wings of science, reaches the sky, and there fresh facts are written in characters of light. It is the province of Reason to compare these facts with what is written on paper. If the living language of the stars, which cannot lie, sets astronomy at war with the language of print, it is not man's fault that the vaulted heavens are older than type, or that his Reason is made to hold their authority intact. The invisible realities which neither Reason nor Science can find out, but whose existence they cannot deny, nevertheless open up spiritual wonders, infinitely surpassing material things for the exploring eye of Faith. Faith finds its work both in and out of the ways of Reason. Faith sees success often when shortsighted Reason prophesies defeat. Faith gilds the wings of Hope, and allures the laggard feet of Labour along, and straightway appear the actualized achievements of Invention, which Reason, unaided, could never have evoked. Human life is a microcosm of mysteries—mystery within, mystery without, mystery above, mystery below. Always balancing the means to ends, yet rarely satisfied with the ends when attained, man moves onwards and upwards. His Reason aids him to its fullest extent. Yet something more is wanting, which Faith supplies and Religion sanctifies. There is always the danger of overstraining the human faculties. Hence, as the body becomes maimed and diseased from over-labour, the mind becomes insane from over-study. Healthy action demands the temperate exercise of all the physical and mental powers. The only way to secure harmony is to merge jarring discords into the stream of sound until they are lost. Disproportion produces ugliness. Beauty grows out of harmony. Reason discovers this fact in Nature, and Faith has no voice in its favour. It behoves man to study well the general harmonies of human life, and especially to guard himself against falsifying his own nature by giving his soul into the sole keeping of Reason, or even to the sole keeping of Faith. The possession of faculties is of itself sufficient to indicate use, not abuse. The man who will not listen to the voice of his own Reason in matters where Reason has a royal right, sins against his nature, and practically charges his Maker with folly in creating a faculty within him which he, the creature, is too wise to use. The same may be said of Faith, of love, of all the faculties of the body, brain, and spirit. The Great Father of light and life reveals Himself, not only in the divine life of Christ, but in every flower or leaf

"That trembling teems  
With golden visions and romantic dreams."

He seems only non-revealed to the Atheist, if such a being exists. We see Him in the light and in the darkness—in the universal cosmogony, and in the human heart. He is with us wherever we

may be; and although from our own foolish denial of Faith, we mourn over disappointment, and fear that God has deserted us, and we wail while none seem to console us, yet His messages proclaim His mercies in the Summer's fruitage and in the Winter's stores. The winds toying with the sea bear to us promises of His love, whilst the eternal stars sing praises to His name. When we sleep He protects us; when we wake he defends us; yet how eager we are to defame His holy name by setting Reason in antagonism with Faith, and placing science in opposition to religion? The Lord's ways are above ours, and infinitely more divinely just. He gave us Reason, and He gave us Faith. Reason should go hand-in-hand with Faith, and religion and science need have no quarrel. But whilst men seize hold of man-made doctrines, which narrow the ways of salvation, and impiously set Reason and God at defiance, incongruities, springing out of scriptural interpolations and ignorance, will keep the human family in arms whilst the spirits of war hold conquest.

God's word cannot testify against his work. Man, with his limited powers, may fall into error; but God the Infinite never can. It is our duty to ascertain the will of God, and to work out for ourselves a sure and certain resurrection—a spiritual redemption. But in order to do this we must have faith in its virtue, and Reason must aid us to adopt the means for its realization. Biblical controversialists may wrangle until doomsday endeavouring to reconcile conflicting passages of the historical scriptural records; but they cannot change the everlasting truth, or cause a purely God-loving man to believe that the Almighty made mankind to damn them in eternal flames. We want light, may we seek it; we want God, may we find Him. We want a living faith in His goodness and eternal Fatherhood. Spiritualism comes to us to lead us on the way to such, and to sanctify life by wedding Reason to Faith and science to religion. Already the cloud of superstition is breaking over our heads, big with mercy; and the voice of our Eternal Father speaks from the lips of science and of men, bidding His children rejoice for He "will blot out their transgressions, and will abundantly pardon."

## LIGHT.—AN EARLY MORNING SOLILOQUY.

BY THOMAS BREVIER.

"Glory to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light;"

SINGS good Bishop Ken, in his well-known evening hymn. Well may we thank God for light, and all the blessings it bestows! The plant grows and creeps toward the light; the flower turns toward the sun; without light vegetation languishes, withers, dies. It is "the pencil with which God paints in all the hues of creation." Light, too, is the great revealer; by it, we apprehend the green earth, the blue sky, the rolling sea, all nature's fair variety of things, from the daisy at my feet, the farthest star I last night beheld, as it faintly twinkled in the distant heavens. Creation itself arose from out the formless void at the command—"Let there be Light!" as every day by the same fiat creation is renewed.

Well might the nations of old in their devotions turn their faces to the east! well might the men of early times worship the sun and stars as emblems—faint emblems though they be, of that uncreated light in whom is no darkness at all! Well might the cultivated Grecian mind represent the sun-god as young, beautiful, majestic—the bringer of harmony—the lord of day. In light,—the universal, pure, free, fresh light of heaven, moment by moment ever renewed, bathing the world in glory, crowning it with abundance, and filling the heart of man and all creation with joy, so that the insect doth buzz forth its delight, and the lark carol its matin song, and the glad eagle soar towards the sun,—the poetic mind, the devout soul, yea, the common mind and heart of man has ever seen the most fitting type and symbol of Deity, and the emanation of Divine wisdom. It has seized on this idea of light—the all-pervading, embracing, and sustaining light, as the one image and correspondence of divine truth, and of the Being who alone is truth—the fount and source of all truth in heart, science, religion; and of all men's noblest inspirations;—the central luminary, of which the highest human philosophy is but a faint reflection; though men in their ignorance have too oft mistaken its pale and ineffectual fire for heaven's own direct and immediate light. This correspondence has found expression in almost every language, and the sense of it lies in man, deeper probably than any language can adequately express.

Milton opens his immortal poem with solemn invocations to—

"Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer  
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure;"

And he breathes the prayer:—

"Instruct me, for thou know'st;  
What in me is dark  
Illumine."

In common conversation and in our devotional exercises, light is the standing symbol and representative of truth: we speak of "intellectual light," "the light of knowledge," "the light of reason," "the light of the Gospel." In our churches we pray for "the light of thy Holy Spirit;" we beseech God to "lighten our darkness," to "give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armour of light," and to "cast thy bright beams of light upon thy church;" that it "may so walk in the light of thy truth that it may at length attain the light of everlasting life."

The last words of Goethe are said to have been—"More light." Let us complement and complete the prayer by its needful correlative,—more love. More light, more love! might well be the first words of infancy, the last of man or of angel; for light and love in their infinite varieties comprehend all of possible or conceivable good. It would be the prayer that God himself may dwell in us—that we may become the living temples of his Holy Spirit, for light and love are his essential nature. We distinguish between light and love, and to our understanding and reception of them they are discreted, or, at least, capable of being so; but in themselves love, light, and life are one. Love is the soul of light, as light is the mind of love; and without love and light there can be no life. Love is the beginning of life; the cessation of love is death. There can be no knowledge—no light where there is no love. This is so even in purely intellectual things. It is only where we truly love that we truly know. Observation is only insight; it can make us acquainted with but the surfaces of things; by sympathy alone can we gain insight. Not till we lay down lovingly beside the thing we would know, embracing it in the arms of our affections, and entering into the sphere of its inner communion, can we hope to read its riddle and pluck out the heart of its mystery. Light and love grow out of the same trunk-root of sympathy, as light and heat radiate from the same sun. "It is with man's soul as it was with Nature—the beginning of Creation is—Light. Till the eye have vision the whole members are in bonds. Divine moment, when over the tempest-tost soul, as once over the wild-weltering chaos, it is spoken: 'Let there be Light!' Ever to the greatest that has felt such moment, is it not miraculous and God-announcing; even as, under simpler figures, to the simplest and least? The mad primeval Discord is hushed; the rudely-jumbled conflicting elements bind themselves into separate firmaments: deep silent rock-foundations are built beneath, and the sky vault, with its everlasting Luminaries above; instead of a dark vastful Chaos, we have a blooming, fertile, Heaven encompassed world." In our search for truth we do not sufficiently estimate the importance of moral qualities in the seeker. "If thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light."

Welcome the light of early dawn, so full of promise and of hope. Welcome the splendour of the noon-day light. Welcome, too, the soft light of eve, with its quiet repose, its mild twilight memories, its pensive thoughts, its spiritual suggestions.—But darkness and night,—do we not instinctively shrink from these? "By general consent there is an intrinsic connection between night and evil. All nations have thought wicked spirits to have then most power. It is from a natural horror of the dark that children will cry in it, and the nearer that men approach to a state of nature, the more do they shrink from it as an evil thing. You may get over your dislike to it, and so you may to any other ill object; but from the beginning, allegorically and physically, it has been connected with the idea of sin. A deed of darkness, and powers of darkness carry their meaning in their face." When Lady Macbeth calls on the spirits that tend on mortal thought to fill her from the crown to the toe top-full of direst cruelty, that she may carry out her full intent to destroy the gracious Duncan, she also invokes, as best suiting her dread purpose, the congenial element and seeming security of darkness and night:—

"Come, thick night,  
And pall me in the dunest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark  
To cry hold! hold!"

And so, when Macbeth resolves to murder Banquo, he makes a similar invocation:—

"Come, seeling night,  
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;  
And with thy bloody and invisible hand  
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond  
Which keeps me pale . . . .  
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,  
While'st night's black agents to their prey do rouse."

Who can fail to recognize in these passages Shakespeare's inimitable fidelity to nature?

Byron, in his poem "Darkness," accumulates the most terrific images to convey a sense of the horror it inspires:—

"The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars  
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,  
Rayless and pathless; and the icy earth,  
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;  
Morn came and went—and came, and brought no day."

Milton represents our first parents as ending their Morning Hymn in Paradise with the petition:—

"If the night  
Have gathered aught of evil, or conceal'd,  
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."

And an epic poet of our own day\* hails the night:—

"Mother of human fear!  
Vague solitude where infant man first felt  
His native helplessness! Beneath whose drear  
And solemn coverture he, trembling, knelt  
To what in thy vast womb of darkness dwelt,  
Unseen, unknown; but with the waking sun,  
Shouting, sprang up to see glad Nature melt  
In smiles, triumphantly his joy-god run  
Up the blue sky, and light's bright reign again begun!"

If light in its origin streams forth pure and white, we know how it is broken and coloured by the objects and atmospheres through which it passes; so, the white light of truth, perfect though it comes from its author, yet becomes, alas! how sadly broken and darkened as it strikes

\* Thomas Cooper, "Purgatory of Suicides."

against the rugged peaks of prejudice, and passes through understandings clouded and darkened by falsities and moral perversions. The light of the natural understanding—the light which in its degree lighteth every man that cometh into the world, manifests its own insufficiency, and proclaims the need of a more interior light;—it cannot light us out of the region of phenomena to see things in their absolute verity—in their essential being; it cannot but reflect its own deadness to all around and within its reach. We real and stagger as a drunken man, clutching at shadows, and longing for the dawn. O, for the first glimmer of the sun rising in its strength! O, for the first faint streaks that shall touch with gold the distant hills! O, for the first rays of light that shall beam in upon the soul to intimate that "the black bat night hath flown;" or, at least, hath lifted its wing for flight;—that the long night of darkness and doubt is indeed passing, or past away; and calling forth from the soul responsive music, as the statue of Memnon gave forth melodious sound when first touched by the beams of the rising sun! O, that the inner sanctuary of our spirits might be kept inviolate and pure, free from all spot and blemish, and our lives be—

"Quiet and gentle, clear and fair as light,  
Yet full of its all-penetrating power,  
Its silent but resistless influence;  
Wasting no needless sound, yet ever working,  
Hour after hour, upon a needy world!"

Our eyes, accustomed to the darkness, would, indeed, be struck blind with the full blaze of the sun's glory, did we at once gaze upon it in its full noon-tide splendour! God mercifully orders it otherwise; little by little does the light dawn: we cannot mark the instant of its beginning, but we know 'tis here. He, who is emphatically The Light of the World, said to his own immediate disciples—to those most fully prepared to receive his teachings—"I have many things to say unto you; but ye cannot bear them now." To each man and to each age, according to its need, does the divine light manifest itself. The light of yesterday was good, but the light of to-day is good also. The earth needs present sunshine, the soul prays for its daily bread, it needs continuous illumination. This may in measure be reflected from seers and prophets in the past, but we cannot do with only moonlight. The light and life of God must light up the human temple for its morning and evening sacrifice.

Too often indeed "the light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not;" again and again men have preferred the darkness to which they were accustomed to the unwelcome light of new truth, mistaking indeed darkness for light, and calling the light darkness. We need constant communion with the spirits of just men made perfect, and above all with the Father of Spirits and Source of Light. In the *New Jerusalem*, as seen in apocalyptic vision, we shall need no sun nor moon, for the Lord himself will be the light thereof, and there will be no night there. And may we not even now enter within the portals of the Holy City by living in loving communion with Him who has promised to be ever-present with his disciples, to take up his abode with them and dwell with them? It needs only that we be one with Him, even as He is one with the Father;—one with Him in all human sympathies, in disinterested love, in self-sacrifice, even unto death;—one with Him in His divine work, which he tells us is "to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish his work." To save the world from sin, to bring men to a state of oneness with God, and redeem them from spiritual darkness and deadness, and reveal to them the true light and life:—this was the work of the Divine Man, the work given Him of his Father. It is given to us also, to each man according to his capacity, and in the sphere in which by Divine appointment or permission he is placed. And he who does this work faithfully, he that work little or much, will not the spirit of the Lord be with him, not figuratively, but really so; enlightening, strengthening, aiding him in that work, and as he is faithful in it, adding unto his gifts, and through all the uses of a well-ordered life operating through him upon the world? We are enjoined to let our light shine before men, not that they may pamper our vanities and conceits, but that they may thereby be led to glorify our Father which is in heaven.

Light of the World! in Thee we trust,  
And bow before Thy sovereign will;  
From every evil thought and lust  
Do Thou protect and guard us still.  
O, give to us the child-like heart,  
Deep-filled with love to human kind!  
Without the love Thou dost impart,  
Our loves are selfish, weak, and blind.  
Saviour of men, to Thee we turn!  
We seek from sin to gain release:  
O, may Thy love within us burn,  
And fill us with Thy heavenly peace!

#### WHAT ARE WE TO THINK OF IT?

For a lengthened period of time, the columns of "All the Year Round" have been opened by Mr. Dickens to any attack upon Spiritualism which might aid in bringing it into contempt. His own mighty pen has been assiduously exercised for the purpose of "scotching" this ugly "snake,"—but, hitherto, Mr. Dickens has only been successful in an inverse ratio. This suggests to the writer an idea, that, after all, Mr. Dickens is at heart a Spiritualist, but is afraid to own it.

His books teem with the supernatural. Does he mean to say that the supernatural is identical with the fanciful? Does he mean to use the machinery of Spiritualism to move, as he only can, the human heart to the consideration of the unseen world, and then can he turn round and coolly denounce it all as imposture, when it appears in real life?

Who can fascinate and charm the mind more than Mr. Dickens?

His delicate touches of inexpressible feeling, mingled with mirth-moving episodes of humour, are continually flecked with what the French call "suspensions" of the invisible and fairy world. And yet Mr. Dickens's creed, outside the welcome green wrapper, is ultra-materialistic; sternly rebukative of any tendency towards an absolute belief in the verity of his subtle creations. I ask, what are we to think of it?

Passing over the innumerable instances in his former romances, we will here cite an instance from his last openly avowed publication. Charming and wierd is the creation of the little doll's dressmaker, in the October number of "Our Mutual Friend." No precocious child is this baby worker—one brought up in the sternest school of adversity, a drunkard's home. Indomitable as three-score-and-ten, this child-woman fights her battle of life, with a clear perception of right and wrong, of fitness and unfitness. Quaint in her expressions, full of the simplest saws and infant instances, this little one, "whose back is bad, and whose legs are queer," this little sturdy deformity has her inspirations too. The shrill admonisher of the "poor broken-down invalid" who sinks cowed and apologetically before her—whence does she attain her light? The nobler self of Mr. Dickens furnishes us, generously, with the clue. Her light comes from above—from the Father of Spirits, who, by infinite means of mercy, will not suffer one of his little ones to perish, not one of his creatures to have a burthen which the back is not able to bear. And is Mr. Dickens, with this nobility of sentiment and this truthfulness of expression, to turn round and say, "Aye, this is all very well in my novel, but this is not absolutely and really true." Coldly shrugging his shoulders, is he to add, "It makes a point in the book, but there's nothing in it." No! let me transcribe the glowing and beautiful words of Mr. Dickens, and let him then dare to deny that he, too, is a believer in the ministration, evident and visible, of angels and spirits upon this earth! No one dare deny it, who is gifted so to write!

"Talking of ideas, my Lizzie," they were sitting side by side as they had sat at first, "I wonder how it happens that when I am at work, work, working here, all alone in the summer time, I smell flowers."

"As a commonplace individual, I should say," Eugene suggested languidly, for he was growing weary of the person of the house, "that you smell flowers because you *do* smell flowers."

"No, I don't," said the little creature, resting one arm upon the elbow of her chair, resting her chin upon that hand, and looking vacantly before her; "this is not a flowery neighbourhood. It's anything but that. And yet, as I sit at work, I smell miles of flowers. I smell roses, till I think I see the rose leaves lying in heaps and baskets on the floor. I smell fallen leaves, till I put down my hand—so—and expect to make them rattle. I smell the white and the pink may in the hedges, and all sorts of flowers that I never was among. For I have seen very few flowers indeed, in my life."

"Pleasant fancies to have, Jenny dear," said her friend, with a glance towards Eugene as if she would have asked him whether they were given to the child in compensation for her losses.

"So I think, Lizzie, when they come to me. And the birds I hear! Oh!" cried the little creature, holding out her hand and looking upwards, "how they sing!"

"There was something in the face and action for the moment quite inspired and beautiful. Then the child dropped musingly upon the hands again."

"I dare say my birds sing better than other birds, and my flowers smell better than other flowers. For when I was a little child," in a tone as though it were ages ago, "the children that I used to see early in the morning were very different from any others that I ever saw. They were not like me; they were not chilled, anxious, ragged, or beaten; they were never in pain. They were not like the children of the neighbours; they never made me tremble all over by setting up shrill noises, they never mocked me. Such numbers of them too! All in white dresses, and with something shining on the borders, and on their heads, that I have never been able to imitate with any work, though I know it so well. They used to come down in long, bright slanting rows, and say altogether, 'Who is this in pain? Who is this in pain?' When I told them who it was, they answered, 'Come and play with us! When I said, I never play! I can't play, they swept about and took me up and made me light. Then it was all delicious ease and rest till they laid me down. Whenever they came back, I used to know they were coming before I saw the long, bright, shining rows, by hearing them ask altogether, a long way off, 'Who is this in pain? Who is this in pain?' And I used to cry out, 'Oh! my blessed children, it's poor me. Have pity on me, take me up and make me light!'"

"By degrees, as she progressed in this remembrance, the hand was raised, the late ecstatic look returned, and she became quite beautiful. Having so paused for a moment, silent, with a listening smile upon her face, she looked round and recalled herself."

Now, though Mr. Dickens will, of course, in his worldly self, deny it, there is scarcely a phase of modern Spiritualism that is not included in this brief extract.

First, as to the smelling of flowers. I find, upon reference to my spirit-diary, that on Monday, the 12th of March, 1858, Mrs. Newton Crossland, the accomplished authoress, assured me that she not only smelt, but saw flowers presented to her by spirits.

Next, as to the singing birds. Mr. William Carpenter, the veteran champion of reform and free trade, has frequently, since his conversion to Spiritualism, asserted, in print, his faculty of hearing choruses of invisible songsters.

Furthermore, as to the shining visitors, with the indistinctly defined garments,—this is one of the most usual forms of spiritual appearances, well attested by many seers. The passages I have italicised, Spiritualists will perceive apply to phases of our phenomena.

But the most important thing in the whole extract is, the complete concessions made by Mr. Dickens in his book, of the truth of the argument he denies out of it. He uses the word remembrance. Remembrance must refer to something real, something true, something

absolute. We cannot remember what never happened, and poor Jenny Wren was remembering, not fancying she remembered.

Mr. Dickens is, therefore, clearly in this position. Either he must confess that these touching passages are only clap-trap—which no one who knows the honest, earnest character of the man can imagine—or Mr. Dickens is a Spiritualist, unavowed, it is true, but still a Spiritualist.

It is impossible to imagine that a man like Mr. Dickens would coolly avail himself of his enemies' weapons when he wishes only to fill his pockets by the proceeds of a novel, and then, again, permit Spiritualism to be abused in "All the Year Round" because the fashion of the age and the public he writes for in that journal is materialistic and afraid of Spiritualism. The inference is too vile for us to draw.

Let us hope that this is evidence of the growing yearning of Mr. Dickens to join our ranks, as so many of our very best and most intellectual minds have not hesitated to do. He would be really welcome.

Chiswick, Oct. 10th, 1861.

KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE.

#### THE DAVENPORTS' SEANCES.

In another place will be found a description of a seance, given by the Brothers Davenport, at Mr. Boucicault's house; 24 gentlemen signed their names testifying to the bona-fide character of the manifestations, and a unanimous vote to the same effect was taken. At the Hanover-square Rooms, on Tuesday evening, October 18th, we attended another sitting, at which some 75 persons were present, principally members of the Press. The cabinet manifestations were elicited amidst a disgraceful tumult of scepticism. We imagined members of the English press would at least comprehend the meaning of gentlemanly conduct, but we were mistaken. The confusion of tongues was certainly as discordant as the rumblings and knockings inside the cabinet. Mr. Hollingshead and Mr. Charles Roade (authors) acted as a committee, and they did the *tieing* business with a vengeance—the wrists of the Brothers being much tortured. In addition to the ordinary phenomena, a long, delicate female arm came from the orifice. Mr. Roade went into the cabinet, and was seen, when the doors flew open, sitting with the tambourine on his head and the guitar across his shoulders. An attempt was made to obtain manifestations outside the cabinet, but it was a failure; and no wonder, for the laughter and senseless jokes of some of the persons present were anything but complementary either to the Davenports or the spirits. However, for the first time in the experience of Dr. Ferguson, there were no manifestations. If gentlemen burlesque Spiritual phenomena they must expect the invisible agents to hoax them in some way. We are not sorry the spirits chose to withhold part of the manifestations on this occasion. It was necessary to shew us that *other* wills than ours act in these mysterious phenomena. Next week, we shall present our readers with our opening chapter of "The Lives of the Brothers Davenport."

#### BOUCICAULT AND THE DAVENPORTS.

Dion Boucicault, in a letter to the *Standard* of Thursday, Oct 13th, has given the following testimony to the Davenports:—After reading this—we should think our modern wizards must feel a little chagrined. Several scientific men of note were invited, but like the Wizards they have declined the honour of searching for a "trick" where there is none. Mr. Boucicault testifies to facts of a more exciting character to those testified to by Dr. Cumming ten years ago. But both testimonies go against the Faradays and the Andersons.

#### TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—A seance by the Brothers Davenport and Mr W. Fay took place in my house yesterday, in the presence of Lord Bury, Sir Charles Nicholson, Sir John Gardiner, Sir C. Lennox Wyke, Rev. E. H. Newenham, Rev. W. Ellis, Captain E. A. Inglefield, Messrs Charles Rende, James Matthews, Algernon Borthwick, I. Willes, H. E. Ormerod, J. W. Kaye, J. A. Bostock, W. J. Rideout, Robert Bell, J. N. Mangles, H. M. Dunphy, W. Tyler Smith, M.D., E. Tyler Smith, T. L. Coward, John Brown, M.D., Robert Chambers, and Dion Boucicault.

The room in which the meeting was held is a large drawing-room, from which all the furniture had been previously removed, excepting the carpet, a chandelier, a small table, a sofa, a pedestal, and 26 cane-bottomed chairs.

At two o'clock six of the above party arrived, and the room was subjected to careful scrutiny. It was suggested that a cabinet to be used by the Brothers Davenport, but then erected in an adjacent room, should be removed into the front room and placed in a spot selected by ourselves. This was done by our party, but in the process we displaced a portion of this piece of furniture, thus enabling us to examine its material and structure before we mended it. At three o'clock our party was fully assembled and continued the scrutiny. We sent to a neighbouring music-seller for six guitars and two tambourines, so that the implements to be used should not be those with which the operators were familiar. At half-past three the Brothers Davenport and Mr Fay arrived and found that we had altered their arrangements, by changing the room which they had previously selected for their manifestations. The seance then began by an examination of the dress and persons of the Davenport Brothers, and it was certified that no apparatus or other contrivance was concealed on or about their persons. They entered the cabinet and sat facing each other. Captain Inglefield then, with a new rope provided by



ourselves, tied Mr W. Davenport hand and foot, with his hands behind his back, and then bound him firmly to the seat where he sat. Lord Bury, in like manner, secured Mr I. Davenport. The knots on these ligatures were then fastened with sealing-wax and a seal was affixed. A guitar, violin, tambourine, two bells and a brass trumpet, were placed on the floor of the cabinet, the doors were then closed, and a sufficient light was permitted in the room to enable us to see what followed. I shall omit any detailed account of the Babel of sounds which arose in the cabinet, and the violence with which the doors were repeatedly burst open and the instruments expelled; the hands appearing, as usual, at a lozenge-shaped orifice in the centre door of the cabinet. The following incidents seem to us particularly worthy of note:—While Lord Bury was stooping inside the cabinet, the door being opened, and the two operators seen to be sealed and bound, a detached hand was clearly observed to descend upon him, and he started back, remarking that a hand had struck him. Again, in the full light of the gas chandelier, and during an interval in the *seance*, the doors of the cabinet being open, and while the ligatures of the Brothers Davenport were being examined, a very white, thin, female hand and wrist quivered for several seconds in the air above. This appearance drew a general exclamation from all the party. Sir Charles Wyke now entered the cabinet and sat between the two young men, his hands being right and left on each, and secured to them. The doors were then closed and the Babel of sound recommenced. Several hands appeared at the orifice, among them the hands of a child. After a space Sir Charles returned amongst us and stated that while he held the two brothers several hands touched his face and pulled his hair; the instruments at his feet crept up, played round his body and over his head one of them lodging eventually on his shoulders. During the foregoing incidents the hands which appeared were touched and grasped by Captain Inglefield, and he stated that to the touch they were apparently human hands, though they passed away from his grasp.

I omit mentioning other phenomena; an account of which has already been rendered elsewhere.

The next part of the *seance* was performed in the dark. One of the Messrs. Davenport and Mr Fay seated themselves amongst us. Two ropes were thrown at their feet, and in two minutes and a half they were found tied hand and foot, their hands behind their backs bound tightly to their chairs, and their chairs bound to an adjacent table. While this process was going on the guitar rose from the table, and swung or floated round the room and over the heads of the party, and lightly touching some. Now a phosphoric light shot from side to side over our heads; the laps and hands and shoulders of several were simultaneously touched, struck, or pawed by hands, the guitar meanwhile sailing round the room, now near the ceiling, and then scuffling on the head and shoulders of some luckless wight. The bells whisked here and there, and a light thrumming was maintained on the violin. The two tambourines seemed to roll hither and thither on the floor, now shaking it violently, and now visiting the knees and hands of our circle—all these foregoing actions, audible or tangible, being simultaneous. Mr Rideout, holding a tambourine requested it might be plucked from his hand; it was almost instantaneously taken from him. At the same time Lord Bury made a similar request, and a forcible attempt to pluck a tambourine from his grasp was made, which he resisted. Mr Fay then asked that his coat should be removed. We heard instantly a violent switch; and here occurred the most remarkable fact. A light was struck before the coat had quite left Mr Fay's person, and it was seen quitting him, plucked off him upwards. It flew up to the chandelier, where it hung for a moment, and then fell to the ground. Mr Fay was seen meanwhile bound hand and foot as before. One of our party now divested himself of his coat, and it was placed on the table. The light was extinguished, and this coat was rushed on to Mr Fay's back with equal rapidity. During the above occurrences in the dark we placed a sheet of paper under the feet of the two operators, and drew with a pencil an outline around them, to the end that if they moved it might be detected. They of their own accord offered to have their hands filled with flower or any other similar substance, to prove that they made no use of them, but this precaution was deemed unnecessary. We required them, however, to count from one to twelve repeatedly, that their voices constantly heard might certify to us that they were in the places where they were tied. Each of our own party held his neighbour firmly, so that no one could move without two adjacent neighbours being aware of it.

At the termination of this *seance* a general conversation took place on the subject of what we had heard and witnessed. Lord Bury suggested that the general opinion seemed to be that we should assure the Brothers Davenport and Mr W. Fay that, after a very stringent trial and strict scrutiny of their proceedings, the gentlemen present could arrive at no other conclusion than that there was no trace of trickery in any form, and certainly there were neither confederates nor machinery, and that all those who had witnessed the results would freely state in the society in which they moved that, so far as their investigations enable them to form an opinion, the phenomena which had taken place in their presence were not the product of legerdemain. This suggestion was promptly acceded to by all present.

Before leaving this question, in which my name has accidentally become mixed up, I may be permitted to observe that I have no belief in what is called Spiritualism, and nothing I have seen inclines me to believe in it; indeed, the puerility of some of the demonstrations would sufficiently alienate such a theory; but I do believe that we have not quite explored the realms of natural philosophy—that this enterprise of thought has of late years been confined to useful inventions, and we are content at last to think that the laws of nature are finite, ascertained, and limited to the scope of our knowledge. A very great number of worthy persons seeing such phenomena as I have detailed ascribe them to supernatural agency; others wander around this subject in doubt; but as it engages seriously the feeling and earnest thought of so large a number in Europe and America, is it a subject which scientific men are justified in treating with the neglect of contempt?

Some persons think that the requirement of darkness seems to infer trickery. Is not a dark chamber essential in the process of photography? And what would we reply to him who should say, "I believe photography to be a humbug; do it all in the light, and I will believe; not till then." It is true that we know why darkness is necessary to the production of the sun picture; and if scientific men will subject these phenomena to analysis we shall find out why darkness is essential to such manifestations.—Yours obediently,

DION BOUCICAULT.

326, Regent-street, Oct. 12

#### DR. CUMMING'S VIEWS ON SPIRITUALISM.

Ten years ago, Dr. Cumming before the Young Men's Christian Association in London—expressed himself relative to table-turning thus:

"Another sign of the times might be observed in what was popularly denominated table-turning or table-talking—for they were two eminently separate things. There were some who claimed for these manifestations a supernatural agency, while others believed that it was the result of electric influence. Because a thing could not be understood or explained, it was not therefore absolutely necessary for it to be the result of any invisible power, or the manifestation of disembodied spirits. He felt himself quite competent to speak upon this subject, having been associated with those who had made a number of most singular and successful experiments. The tables, at the request of the gentleman at whose house he had seen the experiments, had lifted up their legs and answered most of the questions which were put to them, sometimes giving perfectly correct replies, but at other times they were entirely wrong. After what he had witnessed he was quite satisfied with all deference, that Dr. Faraday's theory did not explain the phenomenon. It was a fact, that the fingers laid lightly on a heavy table made it spin round and round, and throw itself into most extraordinary convulsions. He had moreover himself, in connection with his own son, made a chair spin round the room, and perform the most Bacchanalian gymnastics. These, however, were not the sort of manifestations that he looked for as the fulfilment of prophecy relating to the wonders which should be performed in the last days. About these manifestations there was no certainty, whereas, in the miracles performed by Christ, and in those which he believed would be performed according to prophecy, there would be no doubt whatever. The table-talking was so very equivocal, that the parties present were so bewildered that they knew not what to believe. For his own part he did not think it to be the result of diabolical agency, although he did not profess to be able to explain all the phenomena which he had witnessed. He had read every pamphlet which had been published in this country in favour of table-talking. The Devil was far too busy in his other schemes of wickedness to have anything to do with so aimless and unprofitable a speculation. The only thing that seemed to him to savour of it being associated with the Evil One, was the fact, that ministers of the Gospel had been induced to devote themselves to its elucidation to an extent and in a manner which did not seem to harmonise with their calling and profession."

In the above we have the facts testified to that tables move about without the agency of trickery. The Doctor will neither admit Faraday's theory nor Mr Nangle's. He emphatically repudiates both. Science has not yet settled the point, and according to the learned divine "The Devil is far too busy with other schemes of wickedness to have anything to do with so aimless and unprofitable a speculation." Dr Cumming, it would seem, implies here that the devil has not to do with *all* schemes of wickedness. Rather strange logic for a D.D. Why does the word *other* appear in the sentence, if the Doctor does not think that "table-talking," as he terms it, is one scheme of wickedness. Perhaps some day, Dr Cumming may make this clear. So far we have the authority of Dr. Cumming against diabolical agency in the matter. This must be satisfactory to Churchmen, who have held aloof from the study of spiritual phenomena, purely out of fear that Satan is the sole active agent in the whole range of manifestations headed "spiritual."

(To be continued in our next.)

## BENJAMIN MAZEL'S SPIRITUAL COSMOGONY.

## ARTICLE THE FOURTH.

But Jova had his suspicions of the plot formed against him. He immediately began to make every endeavour to discover who his enemies might be. He felt strongly that the guilty person was Leviathan, his eldest son, and he therefore resolved that he should be made to undergo Kien's fate. He determined not to attack him openly, but on a sudden. An opportunity soon occurred, but it was frustrated by the presence of a number more of the conspirators—whose councils, however, Jova was thus able to overhear. On this, he rapidly took measures for his own safety, and assembled the white race, and posted them round his person in the palace, which was placed in a condition of defence, every avenue being closed. The chiefs of the white race were Mikel, Rafaki, and Kabril—in whom the reader will see, in a modified form, the angels Michael, Raphael, and Gabriel.

In the chiefs of the black race, also, may be recognised—the heads of the hosts of evil—Leviathan, Asrael, and others. It was determined to assault the palace by a secret passage, as well as by an open declaration and attack at the gates. Jova, however, had prudently blocked up the avenues, and Leviathan found that his attempts were vain. It would be tedious here to recite the history of the battle. Anyone who has read the account of the wars of the giant Titans with Jupiter, in the heathen mythology, can fill in the picture. Both Jova and Leviathan were killed in this carnage, and the black race was hurled into the abysses of the mountains. At this time, also, the practice of cannibalism was introduced by the blacks.

The wife of Jova was left by herself to reign over the human race, which this dreadful war of extermination, added to a plague and famine, caused to dwindle away into nothingness. Foe, Jova's wife, stimulated the war between the races, and, by artful means, endeavoured to conceal the death of Jova, whom she represented as immortal. Finally, the black race, seized with terror, and disorganized by the loss of their chief, Leviathan, fled from the valley, and left it to the undisturbed occupation of the whites. Their leader was named Belzeb, and, with varying success, he still tried to maintain the war. At a final struggle, he succeeded in almost entirely extirpating the whites, who returned, in a feeble condition, to the happy valley where they had previously lived in comfort. With the exception of Foe, the general mother, and a few children, the human race soon passed away; and thus, technically speaking, perished the race of angels—as the first beings were called.

We have now to follow the medium's strange narrative, and note how he accounts for the origin of mankind, properly so called.

In order to maintain her supremacy, Foe informed the inhabitants that she was gifted with divine power, that her palace was a heaven-sent structure, and, in fact, was the Paradise in which the glorified angels dwelt in her presence. But as the white race died out, she needed less and less to persuade them of the truth of her pretensions. At last there remained only two boys and three young girls in the valley, and these she instructed as it might please her. These were the sole survivors of the white race, and were destined by Foe to repopulate her realms. She herself retired to the mountain palace, and only returned to "earth" occasionally, to see how the children grew up. Before shutting herself up in her solitude, however, Foe had taken an orphan lad from the white race, and this lad she educated alone in a cavern at a mountain's top, visiting him but rarely, and then telling him that she was a divinity whom he was bound to worship. He grew up in his cavern solitude, and seeing no being like himself, of course, implicitly believed the words of Foe.

In the valley, however, the other children grew in years, and two of the girls became the wives of the young men—there were, however, only two, and the third girl had no husband. Much jealousy was caused among them, and she finally ran away. Foe assumed the name of Jova, and had forbidden the children in the valley to approach her palace, or the gardens about it, under pain of being thrown into the abysses to which so many of the black race had been consigned in time past. Some obscure reminiscence of this event had survived among the children, and they, therefore, dreaded the palace, and shunned it with awe.

Foe told her children that there were two paradises possessed by Jova: one in the sun, where the divinity usually resided, and the other, the terrestrial paradise, in the mountain range.

What, however, was Foe to do with the orphan boy in the cavern? He could not always remain there. At last she resolved to set him in the gardens of her palace, until she knew what to do with him. She one day, therefore, suddenly appeared before him, and bid him gather together the domestic animals which had been his playmates for so long a time, and follow her. He followed her obediently, and, in the darkness of the night, they passed safely through the forests, and reached the palace-garden by dawn.

When daylight had arrived, Foe took the youth through the various parts of the garden, pointing out all the fruits and flowers, and the animals it contained. She gave him to understand that he might enjoy all this wealth, but warned him that he should be careful to obey her, as, in the event of disobedience, he would share the fate of the angels she had formerly created. Leviathan, she added, was the chief of these rebel angels, and, from his power, frequently emerged from the place of punishment assigned to him, in the form of a serpent. Against this insidious foe, the wife of Jova warned the youth, and then departed.

Foe always kept the other inhabitants of the valley away from the orphan in the garden, but when the young girl ran away, the old story of transgression took place. As the young girl wandered about, she came to one of the avenues leading to Foe's palace, and presently entered. The medium then perceived, in the main, the story of Adam and Eve, much as our Bible tells it. The cursing of the serpent for deluding Eve is related, and here we may well end the report on M. Mazel's book, except just briefly to state its close.

In a final chapter, the medium gives a further account of the fortunes of the mulatto tribes, whom he identifies with the American Indians; and, in process of time, by intermarriage, from those sprung the Chinese, Siamese, and others. The blacks, naturally, he assigns to Africa, the white races to Europe and Western Asia.

It is unnecessary to criticise an arrangement which is purely unscientific, as every Anthropologist knows; the task of the writer was rather to give a bird's-eye view of a singular book, which professes everywhere to be truthful. M. Mazel's theories, like those of many other enthusiasts, are at variance with science, but still there is some profit in the perusal of such productions—in the writer's opinion—as it is evidence of the strange wanderings to which the human mind may be subjected. That M. Mazel is sincere, the writer believes, but though he may read the Cosmogony with interest, it does not follow that he or any other person is to be bound to accept it as true. In the first article this reservation was made, and is here further insisted on.

KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE.

Chiswick, Oct. 1st, 1864.

## A RELATION OF A YARMOUTH WITCH, EXECUTED 1641.

In the year 1644, sixteen women were accused at Yarmouth, for Witches, by Mr Hopkins; and sent by the Magistrates to Mr Whitfield and Mr Brinsley, Ministers of that place, to be examined. Among these was an old woman who used to be relieved twice a week at Mr Whitfield's door, who made the following confession: viz. That she using to work for Mr Moulton (a stocking Merchant, and Alderman of the town) went to his house for work, but he being from home, his man refused to let her have any till his Master returned; whereupon, being exasperated against the man, she applied herself to the maid, and desired some knitting work of her; and when she returned the like answer, she went home in great discontent against them both. That that night when she was in bed, she heard one knock at her door, and rising to her window, she saw (it being moon-light) a tall black man there; and asked what he would have? He told her that she was discontented, because she could not get work; and that he would put her into a way that she should never want anything. On this she let him in, and asked him what he had to say to her? He told her, he must first see her hand; and then taking out something like a penknife, he gave it a little scratch, so that blood followed, and the mark remained to that time, which she then showed them; then he took some of the blood in a pen, and pulling a book out of his pocket, bid her write her name; and when she said she could not, he said he would guide her hand. When this was done, he bid her now ask what she would have. And when she desired first to be revenged on the man, he promised to give her an account of it the next night, and so leaving her some money, went away. The next night he came to her again, and told her he could do nothing against the man; for he went constantly to church, and said his prayers morning and evening. Then she desired him to revenge her on the maid; and he again promised her to give her an account thereof the next night; but then he said the same of the maid, and that therefore he could not hurt her. But he said that there was a young child in the house, which was more easy to be dealt with. Whereupon she desired him to do what he could against it. The next night he came again, and brought with him an image of wax, and told her they must go and bury that in the church-yard, and then the child which he had put into great pain already should waste away as that image wasted. Whereupon they went together and buried it. The child having lain in a languishing condition for about eighteen months, and being very near death, the Minister sent this woman with this account to the Magistrates, who thereupon sent her to Mr Moulton's; where in the same room that the child lay almost dead, she was examined concerning the particulars aforesaid; all which she confessed again, and had no sooner done, but the child, who was but three years old, and was thought to be dead or dying, laughed, and began to stir and raise up itself; and from that instant began to recover. This woman and all the rest were convicted upon their own confessions, and were condemned, and executed accordingly.

This account, said Judge Hale, I had from a son of Mr Whitfield, who was then present.—*Methodist Magazine*, 1787.]

## SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATION.

"Ye frail children of men, ye worthless generation, ye whom Jesus died to save, ye are but mites compared with the great, good, and infinite Being who made you all. Oh, bless and praise Him. Oh, ye children of men, give Him thanks for all His bountiful goodness. May the grace of the Lord be with you. Amen.—A CLERGYMAN."

CHARLES GRAY.

On the top of St. Paul's Cathedral,  
October 8th, 1864

## THE MEDIUMS. AN ORIGINAL SPIRITUAL TALE.

BY J. H. POWELL.

### CHAPTER XVII.

Mr Polax considered for a time and resolved to deliver a lecture for the benefit of himself. He then marched off to the City-road Coffee House, where he had libelled Mr Forbes, and talked the proprietor into his plans; the result was Mr Polax had a night set apart for him to lecture without having to pay for the room. Bills were speedily circulated announcing the fact that Mr Philas Polax would deliver one of his popular lectures on "The Nervous and Mental Organization of Man." The night came and so did the lecturer, who, fearing for the success of the night, stood outside giving bills to the passers by until it was exactly half an hour beyond the time specified for his lecture. When Mr Polax walked on the platform he looked crestfallen. His audience was very small and the profits *Nil*. By his side was a little table on which rested a Bust and a Human skull, both of which the proprietor kindly lent him. It was a sad reception for the lecturer. He was there to talk about Man's Nervous Organism and he was himself very nervous, not because of the largeness and importance, but of the smallness and insignificance of his audience. But having undertaken to lecture he determined to perform the task. He stood before the audience one hand on the head of the bust and holding the skull in the other. He then laid bare his theory of mental science and spoke learnedly of Nervous Organization; at least, he thought he did so. His audience thought so too, because they knew as little about the anatomy of the nerves as did their lecturer. Mr Polax grew warm after a little while, and thought, since his audience was not an important one, he could venture on a theory of his own respecting man's responsibility. He said, "Friends, you are constantly listening to theologians who make a feast on your pastures, and tell you that man has an innate spirit which will live for ever independently of the body. These men deceive you, no man had been able to peel the body off and leave this so-termed spirit to speak for itself. Therefore it is plainly absurd to talk about responsible agency apart from Organism. Now listen. Nothing can exist without form and colour, and all form and color have material elements; therefore, spirits must be material, and materialism must hold sway. Now listen again; the Nervous Organism, having form and substance and possessing wonderful influence over the whole man, is in reality the responsible agent in the matter of Life-action, for it is obvious, friends, that no responsibility can belong to spirit; it must do so to body, for body is material and action is material likewise, and responsibility flowing out of action *must* belong to matter; therefore the complex Nervous System of Man is the highest and only agent in his life-pursuits. Now, friends," continued the lecturer, taking his hand off the bust and placing it on the skull, which he held forward with both hands, "until mankind shall have a thorough knowledge of the science of the mind there can be no true philosophy in life," and Mr Polax climaxed the statement by lifting his right hand off the skull and bringing it down upon its coronal region with a sudden force. "This skull, friends, I venture to assert—this skull, when it was alive," and he patted the skull again, "never knew the higher moral and beautiful pleasures which refined minds enjoy—aye? what, querie!—How I blush, friends, when I think that I have been in foreign countries and tried to intellectualize and moralize mankind there; when I think how many skulls like this are walking about in the midst of this great metropolis," and he brought his hand suddenly down upon the coronal region of the skull with emphasis at the word *this*. "Do you not see the necessity of a knowledge of mental science?—aye! what! query!" and he brought his right hand down upon the skull again, and met the gaze of his audience with a confident smile. When Mr Polax had talked himself tired he looked at his audience, which at the end of his lecture numbered about six persons, and found three of them asleep; the other three sat on pins, and did not like to leave the hall out of deference, not to

Mr Polax, but to etiquette. But the lecture was at an end at last, and the three restless beings who had envied the three sleeping ones, rose with due speed and made their exit. Of course, the lecturer looked red in the face as he handed the bust and skull to their owner who entered the hall to extinguish the lights. There was a substantial sense of unsubstantiality in the face of the lecturer; he had talked a long time it is true, but after all what is the use of talk with three persons asleep and three others eager to get away? Then the means to the end of the lecture, calculating the cost of bills, produced a balance on the wrong side. The sleepers awoke, yawned, and looked demure enough, wondering whether they had heard certain statements about Man's Nervous System or whether they had only dreamt they had heard them. Mr Philas Polax was not the man to despair at a single or even a series of defeats. He wanted to furnish his Studio, and resolved to do so at all hazards. He told the kind proprietor of the bust and skull that he was of all men possessed of large *Benevolence*, and borrowed "for a few days only" the bust and skull, determining to make a virtue of necessity by beginning business on a small scale. Accordingly the new Professional having borrowed a couple of chairs from one friend and a very rickety old table from another, stationed himself at the little table from 10 a.m. till 5 p.m. each day, according to ticket nailed below, which was illustrated with a large painting he had borrowed from some other kind friend. "Phrenological examinations from 1s. taken by Mr Philas Polax." People past and re-past, looking at the name, and some few ventured to overcome the difficulty of the three flights of stairs. Mr Polax took care to please his patrons and he knew how to tell them their good qualities, so as to cause them to decide on having a half-a-crown's worth of Phrenology, according to his own system, for be it remembered, Mr Polax scorned to take notice of the instructions of Gall, and in a most shameful manner he mangled the system of Lavater, and mixed up a hodge-podge of flattery and truths, which all admit to be truths, because they are as palpable as their noses. In this way he clutched fortune by the board, and fortunate it was for him, or he would have remained seedy in wardrobe and ill-fed in person. As soon as matters looked a little prosperous, he put a few extras into his studio, and took care to arrange on some shelves a few busts of notorious murderers and a few busts of remarkable geniuses; he placed the latter altogether in the centre, leaving the murderers to wall them in on either side.

There can be no dispute about Mr Polax being industrious; he kept at his post, and lost no shillings where he could not obtain half-crowns. But he did not do so rapid a trade as he had bargained with himself for. He therefore sat in deep meditation, which ended in his prefixing the Polax with Professor. The first day the Professor was presented to the discerning public, he more than doubled his patrons. Thus matters went on, until Professor Polax having managed to live well and appear in professional black, resolved at all hazards to try and expose the humbug Spiritualism, as he termed it. He took a large hall, and advertised a lecture anti on the subject, and challenged the Spiritualists of London to prove him in error. Mr Forbes was out walking, enjoying the satisfaction that he had been spending a pleasant week with Miss Corral, when he caught a full view of Professor Polax's placards.

"The impudent charlatan," he exclaimed, "I'll give him a chance of triumph."

Mr Forbes rushed to his chambers, and at once wrote a letter, inviting Mr Humphrey to town. He went on to say in his note that argument was Mr Humphrey's *forte*, and *manifestations* his own. He proposed that Mr Humphrey should meet this magnificent Professor in argument, and he himself would sit and endeavour to elicit spiritual phenomena.

At the same time, Mr Somes seeing the announcement, felt a sudden desire to give Professor Polax a benefit. He rushed off to Lincoln's Inn Fields just in time to catch Mr Forbes, who was in the act of sealing up the note. Mr Somes was surprised to learn that Mr Forbes knew the fact of the posters being out, but expressed his pleasure nevertheless. An arrangement was made between these two worthies to aid each other in defending the truth, and putting down Polax. At that instant Captain Stewart sent in his card, which made Mr Forbes start.

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